

















There were not much afraid of the noise of the powder on soft earth, but the brigade was sent along at the top, keeping a respectful distance from the hills. Although the noise of the powder did us no harm, and thus our big naval gun, having loaded the Boer wagen, gave us a shell run, and we watched as the big grinders rattled across the way over the hills. The cannon's report, and another cloud of dust flew up from the hill just exactly where the Boer gun had fired from. We were not far from the Boer gun, and we were not so much concerned, till we got right round behind the Taberna Korpe, and were advancing towards the Tabor Mountain, at the foot of which the Boer gun had fired. I had seen the light miles, and the big bill was about seven miles from us. We formed, with the Inniskillings and Scots Greys and Carabiniers, the very front of the British force. The British force was about 1000 men. It was something to be proud of to see all those Australian horsemen and hordes holding their place with the flower of English cavalry in the very front of the field. There must have been about 50,000 men in the

**MOUNTED INFANTRY AT WORK.**

We pushed on between the Seven Kopjes and the hills of the Orange river, and from this range three miles came a sharp creakle of musketry. The bullets made no sign of their fall in the long grass, and it was a pleasing uncertainty for a while whether the Boers were killed or not. At last the firing died away, and a single shot from a white, and a lot of men dropped off their horses and ran up the low hill on the right, running on all fours and dropping and firing every now and then. These were mounted men, and they were shooting from the trees, and their horses were firing. They did not stop them firing. The cavalry and guns went on a mile or so, and then the Boers came out of the bush and

rise in the plain, we saw before us about two miles away, at the back of the high hill called Table Mountain, the Boers' tents and wagons all packed up in a line, and the black oxen and horses the backs of a hire, and obviously putting a gun or two in position in front of their tents. The Boers on the low range on our right had kept up with our advance, and were shooting merrily, and making a good trapping of the game. The Boers on the high Wales Traps were on the left of the game, so that they were fairly out of range, but we watched with great interest as the bullets kicked up the earth in front of the gunners.

**NINTH LANCERS MAKE A DASH.**

Then, as we halted, the 9th Lancers, a crack English regiment, dashed out of the column, and galloped along between the hills on the low range on our right and the hills in front of

[illegible]

front. One officer was reported killed, and several were wounded. It was a failure as a charge; they never got near enough to the enemy to use a sword or a lance. The fire was too hot to face, so they would have had to go over about a mile or two upon ground, and most of them would have been killed. The enemy's position, while it turned on the men on the right they would have met a similar fate.

### THE GUNS COME INTO ACTION

AS SOON as they came back the guns were rushed out of our column and brought into action on the Boers in front. These guns were used obviously surprised, and swarmed out in crowds with their goods in their hands. We could see

TO BLOEMFONTEIN

ROW OF SMALL HOMES HELD BY BOERS

LOW RANGES HELD BY BOERS

LOW RANGES HELD BY BOERS

GENERAL FRANCH'S ROUTE MARKED

them through the glasses hustling the men along, and taking some cards and gear away across the open to the hills on the west, making for Bloomfontein. The English force sat and watched them go, and so doubt a blunder was made in not sending out a party to follow them. It was a most wonderful picture—the great mass of men behind us, 12 guns in front firing as rapidly as they could be worked, and away in the distance the cloud of smoky haze going off in groups and by twos and threes in the direction of the hills.

Our shell fire did them little harm. While we dropped a bullet or two came singing over, and Trooper Palmer, of the First Australian Horse, was killed on the forehead by a spent bullet. It tore along for some distance, and then struck the bone, without doing serious damage. He must have a fine head.

He is just now the wonder of the whole army, or, rather, he shares

**BOERS IN FLIGHT.**

While the First Australian Horse and Lancers were sitting there watching the enemy run away a few of the Mounted Rifles under Omslow had been sent to the rear to watch the Boer force, who were advancing straight up the flank. They were the first men into the abandoned Boer trenches on the river bank. All sorts of stories are current as to funds of more value than the bullets, but no account of the Boers is forthcoming. The main body of the Mounted Rifles coming. They were engaged in this fight. Palmer was the only Australian wounded, and he was quickly taken to the rear, where, curiously enough, the ambulance, he was the New Borneo. The wound was ambulant, under Major Fletcher. The wound was apparently a slight one, but very few

have been him in the head with a *Muskrat*.  
 I never felt feeling some ill effects. No doubt  
 I felt ill effects. It is a very common thing  
 from Jerusalem, which is Quasney's way.  
 Having allowed the Burs a good start we were  
 off them after at a leisurely pace. They halted a  
 while, to *hoppo* to protect their flight for a  
 while, but our *hoppo* was not so much  
 shifted them, and we followed up on a line  
 of cornage and other grain fanning over  
 by the Burs to lighten their camp. I went up to  
 the top of the hill and saw a large number of  
 bags, and brackish all the way down the  
 hills, and potatoes, and all the hundred and  
 some articles of a camp, but, alas, no whiskey.  
 The Burs had drunk it all before we came, but  
 I saw a few for our horses out of the bags  
 of grain. The Burs were in the front of  
 front of all the hills, and had put a barbed wire  
 entanglement up in front of each line of trenches.

that they would have been hard to shift with a front attack, but by the attack in flank they were taken by surprise, and ran without firing a shot. They went in so sad of a hurry, too, and we consider they are demoralised.

**ONE OF THE BEST MOUNTED SQUADRONS.**

It was a fine experience for the old Australian Horse, as they saw a really large body of horses well handled, and considerable infantry and artillery fire, and were well under fire themselves



















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 IMPORTED DIRECT FROM I  
 LANDED AT CIRCUL  
 AND THEN CARTE  
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The RIBBON VELVETS just  
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EXQUISITELY PRETTY  
SHADES, including  
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PINK, ROYAL, SKY, ROSE,  
ETC.  
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**HORDERN'S IN FITT.**  
We have also just received  
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**NEW COMBINATION C**  
These Goods are indescribably  
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SYDNEY.  
WILL LADIES PLEASE

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WANTED, GIRL, to care child  
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WANTED, smart BOY for

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Apply by letter to

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